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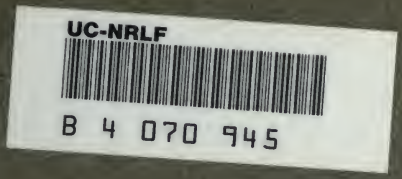

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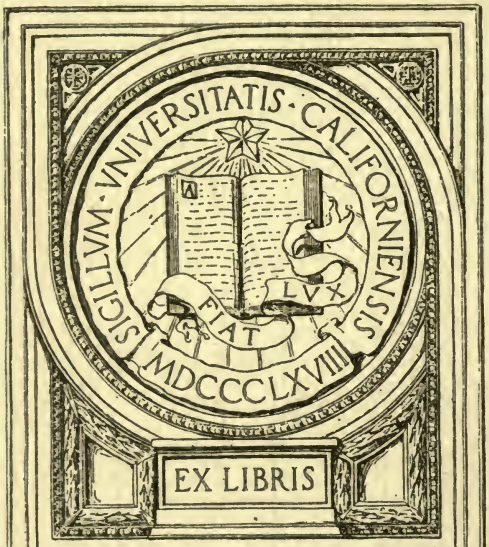
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"FRENCH HOMAGE"

CANADA'S EFFORT

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by

GASTON DESCHAMPS

Publication of the Committee

" THE EFFORT OF FRANCE AND OF HER ALLIES "

BLOUD & GAY, Publishers

PARIS-BARCELONE

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BY

Gaston DESCHAMPS
Contributor to "*Le Temps*"

PUBLICATIONS OF THE COMMITTEE
"*THE EFFORT OF FRANCE AND HER ALLIES*"

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C.I.S.

CANADA'S EFFORT

Two Flags. One Heart. It behoved us, before enquiring into the nature and distant origin of „ Canada's Effort ", to embody in a striking and significant image the symbolical meaning that attaches to the union of the French and British colors waving side by side along the far-flung battle-line, that they may proclaim to the whole world under the vast canopy of heaven and across the boundless expanse of land and water, the universal sovereignty of Justice, the eternal dominance of Public Right, the distinction between Good and Evil, and the unswerving determination whereby, in the present world-tragedy, the flower of the human race are urged on through a sea of blood and tears, in the face of honorable danger and glorious affliction, to earn by the sublime virtue of self-sacrifice the reward of peace in victory and consolation in freedom.

Canada's Effort is one of the most stirring chapters in the history of France and England. France and England, before they became united in the glorious brotherhood of arms, before they fought shoulder to shoulder for civilisation against savagery, were divided by bitter and protracted struggles, of which it were not meet, on this solemn occasion, to minimise the importance or to ignore the motive.

Each of those two brave and single-minded nations strove for their rightful share of Adam's inheritance, to use an old stock phrase, and they each laid claim, by right of prior occupancy, to the distant lands, the mysterious rivers, the deep forests, the unexplored gulfs, to all those alluring regions beyond the seas, to which Jacques Cartier, chief pilot of Saint-Malo, chosen for the purpose by Philippe Chabot, Admiral of France, had been deputed by King Francis I, when in 1534, he discovered the mouth of the river Hochelaga and bestowed upon it the name of Saint-Laurent... Now in the same part of the world, Jehan-Alphonse de Saintonge, a sea-captain whom Rabelais described as the « finder of perilous ways » ; François de la Roque, Lord of Roberval, a nobleman of Picardy ; Marc Lescarbot, of Vervins, the historian who wrote *La Nouvelle France* ; Gamart, of Rouen, Jean Denis, of Honfleur, Thomas Button, and many another daring

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son of France and England, following in the wake of Henry Hudson and Thomas Aubert, vied with each other in enterprising discovery and dauntless heroism, down to the day when Samuel Champlain, explorer, conqueror, missionary and coloniser, came from Brouage to found Quebec, thus marking by a stroke of genius a geographical and historical spot on the banks of the Saint Lawrence, now the meeting-point of two races whose former rivalry has been turned into the close friendship of two families bent upon mutual understanding and perpetual concord, that they may henceforth labor together heart and soul for the welfare of mankind.

The French - Founder - of Canada.

The great name of Samuel Champlain looms big throughout the history of Canada. The breath of his mighty soul still appears to inspire and animate Canadians of the present day. This man of extraordinary parts, who in founding Quebec must have divined the exalted destiny awaiting the New World, was born in 1570, in the little town of Brouage on the Atlantic coast, amid the seafaring population of Saintonge. From the days of his earliest infancy, he was lulled to sleep by the rythmical sound of the waves perpetually beating upon the sandy, cobble-strewn beach before his father's house. As a boy, he would delight in racing along the harbor pier with his playmates, the sons of pilots and fishermen, sniffing the salt spray and the pungent smell of tar, ever on the watch for the sailing and home-coming of fishing-boats or ocean craft. The glint in the pure light of the rising sun of broad sails, softly wafted along by the early breeze, was to his wondering eyes a never-failing source of rapture. He loved to hear the deep-throated voices of masters and mates, ordering their crews aloft to set or reef the sails ; the creaking and groaning of pulleys, windlasses and capstans, the while the men, to the loud clanking of rusty chains, proceeded to heave anchor or to stow away the freight. Sharpened by practice and distant heredity, his eyes would sweep the offing in search of careening masts and the dancing wake left by some gallant frigate, outward bound. On such occasions Samuel Champlain would give free rein to his imagination, wrapt in a dream of undiscovered lands, yielding himself up to the spell of entrancing visions. By that time, the broad lines of his future achievements had begun to take shape in the musings of this precocious lad, keenly observant of the visible objects around him and powerfully attracted towards the unknown. Ever more clear-cut loomed the distant gaol of his yearning thoughts, as the hardy mariners of Saintonge and Aunis, on their return from some long voyage across the billowy Atlantic, would of a winter's night call up in their tales the image of far-distant lands. His mind afire with the glowing accounts of a new continent and his boyish face, tanned by the Ocean winds, eargerly upturned, he would drink in the recital of the brave deeds of that famous captain, Jehan-Alphonse de Saintonge, whose sea voyages had opened the wondering eyes of

Europe to the fair and boundless prospects of the Western world.

Great was Champlain's delight when he was able to enter upon his apprenticeship as a seaman, under an experienced leader. Before his initiation into that mariner's life to which he subsequently devoted all the resources of his dauntless energy, he had taken part in the wars of religion and served for some time as quartermaster in the forces under the command of MM. Jean d'Aumont, of Ambroise d'Epinay, Sieur de Saint-Luc, and of Timoléon de Cossé, Comte de Brissac. In spite of the ardor and sincerity of his Roman Catholic faith, he refused, however, to have anything to do with the Ligue. As a true patriot his instinctive predilections went out from the first to King Henri IV, to the national sovereign whose white plume waved over the fractricidal battles as a presage of coming reconciliation, as a sure pledge of French concord. Like so many of his comrades in arms, Samuel Champlain, after the conquest of the fairest of realms by the most popular of Kings, might easily have obtained some lucrative preferment on land, in the peaceful domain of those stay-at-home folks whom Panurge, in Rabelais' « *Faits et dits héroïques du bon Pantagruel* », styles « growers of cabbages » and calls upon at the height of the storm : « Oh ! how thrice, nay four times blessed are such as grow cabbages !... For they ever have one foot on mother earth, nor is the other very far away ». But Champlain's ambition was of a different trend. By the influence of his uncle, captain Provençal, a pilot-major, he received command of a ship bound on a cruise to Mexico.

Of this first voyage he kept a record entitled : « *Brief discours des choses les plus remarquables que Samuel Champlain, de Brouage, a reconnues aux Indes occidentales au voyage qu'il a fait en icelles...* » Already this man of action had adopted the excellent method of jotting down the things he did and saw, or even thought at critical junctures. This was a constant practice with our forefathers, men of few words and all the more active for being deliberate ; addicted to much silent meditation ; determined to act only after mature consideration and when their minds were fully made up. The example was set in a high quarter. Did not Cardinal Richelieu, whose proudly French policy was furthered by Samuel Champlain's enthusiastic efficiency, write with his own hand a short treatise or compendium of personal morality, entitled *Instructions et maximes que je me suis données pour me conduire à la cour*? « To conduct himself at court », amid the treacherous eddies of thwarted ambitions and conflicting factions, was perhaps no less perilous an undertaking than to weather the rough seas of the Atlantic in the dread vicinity of icebergs. Be this as it may, the Cardinal Duke, even at the height of his marvelous career, never failed to map out his position, to allow for contingencies, in fact, as mariners say, to « take his bearings ». He would have approved highly of the maxim enunciated in Champlain's record, *Voyages de la Nouvelle France dite Canada* : « Undertakings entered upon in haste and with no solid foundation and prosecuted without first going well into the root of the matter ever result in disappointment. »

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Samuel Champlain has left us a curious *Traité de la Marine et du devoir d'un bon marinier*. It might be supposed that this would be a mere technical manual, for the use of mariners alone. Certainly the Sieur de Champlain, commissioned by the King as a captain in the Western fleet, is as much concerned as any one with all the details of a ship's management. But he knows that without moral strength, no amount of professional skill will avail to make a good sailor, wherefore he lays special stress on such points as these : « A seaman must fear God, abstain from blaspheming, say his prayers morning and evening, and perform his devotions as regularly as circumstances permit. » He should « put up with any kind of food, adapting himself to his surroundings. » It is necessary for the captain « to be a good sailor, untiring and impervious to fear. » When danger threatens, « he shall remain on deck, giving his orders in a loud voice, allowing no man to gainsay him, but ever ready to put his shoulder to the wheel. » It behoves him to be « kind and affable in conversation, peremptory in his commands. » In war and in battle, « he should be courteous and moderate in victory and keep faith with the beaten foe. »

There lived at that time in Dieppe an old governor, Aymar de Chastes by name, « over whose gray head many years had passed », if we are to believe Champlain, who like all earnest men was a humorist at dhis od moments. The meeting of the young Saintonge captain and this venerable old tar had far-reaching consequences. Aymar de Chastes was in the habit of sailing to Canada every year. A bluff seaman and jovial companion, fond of cracking a joke, he declared that the yearly trip was necessary to phys hycal well-being. Once a year, then, he would leave the old Dieppe château, the picturesque houses of Petit-Veules and Moulin-à-Vent standing out on the skyline, the Pollet cliffs, the landing-stage of Haut-Pavé, the fish-market all a-bustle with noisy carriers in sou'westers and herring-girls in plaited caps, the Place du Puits-Salé, the steeples of Saint-Jacques and Saint-Rémy, and spread the sails of his heavy smack to the wind, perpetually attracted by the mouth of the Saint-Lawrence and also, no doubt, by the unquenchable desire to affront the inclemency of the seasons, the eddies of the mighty river, the ice and the winds and the pirates, the days of famine and mutinous crews. Such was the favourite sport of the old Dieppe governor. His great resource in an emergency was to shout at the top of his voice his war-cry of « *Malouins* ! » A Breton of the Bretons, he declared that this call was sufficient to put the enemy to flight and to appease the most boisterous elements. However that might be, this brave son of Saint-Malo was certainly the first to charm the savage ear of the Algonquins or Iroquois with the old French melody still sung by French-Canadians :

« *A Saint-Malo, beau port de mer...* »

The Reverend Father Sagard, the author of a compendious and spicy *Histoire du Canada*, relates that the worthy Capitaine Aymar

de Chastes « was easily tempted by his friends to drink a stiff glass, after which he would appeal to all and sundry for assistance in his cups ». This good fellow and brave man was for more than thirty years the companion of Champlain, who looked up to him « as to a father ».

The exact date of Champlain's first voyage to the new lands called by him *La Nouvelle France* was May 15, 1603. He left Honfleur on a fine spring morning, in the company of the Sieur de Pontgravé, a man « shrewd, clever, untiring and of great experience. » To the impish buffets of wind and sea the sailors would reply by a ditty still hummed out yonder by worthy grand-dames, while rocking to sleep the little ones of New-France in the time-honored way :

C'est le vent frivolant...

From that time onward to the end of his days, as though in the fulfilment of a perpetual vow, suffering no interruption, Samuel Champlain became the liege-man of Canada. It should be observed that his views were not restricted to the broad immediate prospects of the Canadian cities of Montreal, Quebec, Ottawa, Toronto and Winnipeg. Champlain's sagacity divined the site of almost every metropolis in the New World. One day, as he was threading the mazy straits of a green archipelago, at the mouth of a river to which the natives in their uncouth language gave the name of *Chouacoët*, and which is now called Charles River, he jotted down his impressions as follows : « This is a very pleasing spot and as agreeable as you may wish to see. » And he observed forthwith that you might build « on an island at the mouth of the river a stronghold affording perfect safety. » On the spot thus marked out by the divining spirit of this marvelous explorer, and distant some 215 miles from New York, there now stands, by the side of a noble harbor that will hold five hundred ships, a town of over 500.000 inhabitants, Boston, the capital of Massachusetts, made wealthy by her industries, famous withal and beneficent by virtue of the literary, artistic and scientific attainments of Harvard University. The place where Boston stands today was marked on the map three hundred years ago by Champlain's unerring finger.

Like all good workmen who have toiled mightily in the cause of human civilization, that great man devoted himself to his work with all the deep love of a father for his first-begotten child. His writings extol the vast area of New France, the fertile richness of her soil, her rivers, lakes, ponds, woods and islands, and the healthfulness of her climate. Nor did he ever cease to sing the praises of the country. Three years before he died, in language that has all the precision and gravity of the last will and testament of a generous donor, he described that land, « extending some sixteen hundred leagues or more in length, and over five hundred in breadth, on a continent that leaves nothing to be desided as to the richness of its soil and the advantages it presents both for trade with foreign lands and for the amenities

of life within its borders... The means of communication provided by the mighty rivers and lakes, that are more like seas in these parts, afford such facilities for up-country exploration, that by them a man might reach the seas in the West, in the East, in the North, « even ranging as far as the distant South... »

In dedicating his *Voyages* to Cardinal Richelieu, Champlain expresses himself in terms calculated to appeal to the great minister who was laboring at that time, as he was himself, to defend the realm of France against the threatening agrandizement of the German empire. The dedication of this book, written by a man of action, who by way of further activity had made himself a writer of no mean order, affects and moves us by the noble simplicity of its wording, cast in the true spirit of Corneille. The work achieved by Samuel Champlain will endure to the end of time. It upholds the honor of our race in that vast oversea territory where this day, in perfect harmony bred of that *Entente cordiale* which has become the noblest of alliances, the doughty deeds of the great explorer are sung in English as well as in French :

A valiant son of that intrepid line
Which gave fair lustre to the fame of France.

. . . . . .

The Brouage sailor...
... Long live the Saintongeois !...

For this reason the statue of the «Sieur de Champlain, Geographer to the King and Captain of the Western fleet », has been set up by a French artist, with the approval of the British Government, on the highest pinnacle of the Quebec acropolis, — the most suitable pedestal for so glorious a hero. From that noble height, the founder of Canada looks down upon his handiwork. Behold him, with his somewhat broad but powerful features, his moustache uptwirled and his beard drawn to a sharp point after the fashion of Louis XIII, his lips swift to give the retort courteous but excelling in the art of keeping a secret, his high thoughtful brow, the eyes of a dreamer yet trained to a shrewd knowledge of men and things by professional application to the vagaries of the inconstant deep, of changeful skies and mutable winds. His work is done. What he foresaw, what he predicted and prepared, has materialized. Civilization has spread her beneficient sway over those regions he was the first to explore and of which his writings foretold the bountiful harvest. Here is a landscape described by him with such vivid reality that any reader of his *Voyages et Découvertes* may easily find his way about in it and recognize its features : the noble sweep of the river, with its fertile banks stretching away as far as the eye can see, the low tree-clad hills, the countless islands... On the occasion of the unveiling of Champlain's statue, were duly celebrated the incarnation of the genius of France, the honor and chivalry of France. To this explorer and colonizer our English friends are fain to apply a proud title, more

sought-after than any other by our ancestry in the 17th century : *navigator, explorer, honest man.*

Thus is perpetual honor vouchsafed in Canada to the memory of a great man, who is a credit to humanity and whose whole life, devoted to the accomplishment of a noble design, affords to an admiring world an outstanding example of French energy and enterprise.

Wolfe and Montcalm. After Champlain's monument, the finest sight in Quebec is not the broad pale-blue river with the old French city rising tier upon tier to the very walls of a frowning Vauban-like citadel : nor the picturesque outline of Frontenac castle, reminiscent of an old yet ever young France, and well fitted as a background for some romantic story such as *The Three Musketeers*, or *Cyrano de Bergerac*... Neither is it the beautiful prospect over the mouth of the Saint-Lawrence at sunset ; nor the ever-changing aspect of the Labrador horizon with its delicate hues of mingled lavender, carmine and lilac ; nor the archipelago of the Thousand Islands, extolled in French song by the Canadian poets... It is not even that Alpine landscape where the waters of the river Montmorency, leaping down from ledge to ledge over moss-grown rocks, through a chaos of riven stones and trees uprooted, present to the eye of the traveler in quest of exotic impressions and local coloring a picture that might have tempted the pen of Bernardin de Saint-Pierre or Jean-Jacques-Rousseau.

No, the finest sight in Quebec, together with Champlain's statue, is a monument dedicated to the memory of two heroes, Wolfe and Montcalm, an Englishman and a Frenchman, reconciled in death, shrouded in glory, brothers henceforth in immortality.

James Wolfe, a general at thirty, had already risen to fame in the English army by services showing that in his case indeed valor did not wait upon age. Born at Westerham, not far from the Straits of Dover, amid the seafaring population of Kent, he first served in the Navy, subsequently taking part in the wars in the Low Countries, which culminated in the famous battle of Fontenoy. He then fought in Scotland, with the troops sent against the romantic Pretender, Charles Edward. A studious and painstaking, as well as a brave officer, somewhat inclined to taciturnity, like Lord Kitchener, he excelled in preparing for battle by a technical study of the ground and of the manœuvring it required. He was a tactician and a strategist of the first rank, and some of the innovations he introduced into the English army have served to modify its offensive and defensive methods in more than one respect. In seeing him so eager at work, so sparing of his time, and so prodigal of his strength, a man might well be tempted to believe that he had a sort of foreboding of his untimely end. His health, undermined by toils and hardships and sleepless nights, was in parlous condition when a great minister furnished him

with an opportunity of giving the full measure of his courage and of his abi lity. One of the very first steps taken by William Pitt, as soon as he was called back to George the Second's councils in consequence of an irresistible current of public opinion, and invested with a sort of military dictatorship, was to despatch General Wolfe to America for the purpose of there retrieving the fortunes of England, jeopardized by Braddock's successive defeats and by the disastrous expedition under Abercromby, who was defeated by the Marquis of Montcalm, in the vicinity of Fort Carillon, on the banks of lake George and Lake Champlain. Wolfe accepted this arduous mission. He writes in a letter to a friend : « I have this day advised Mr. Pitt that my frail carcase is at his disposal. » We all know the sequel : how two adversaries worth of each other's steel, James Wolfe, the English general, and the Marquis of Montcalm, the French general. fell on the field of glory on the same day, almost at the self-same hour, September 13th 1759, near Quebec, at a spot called Abraham's Plains, after one of the first French settlers in Canada, Abraham Martin, and which is now a place of pilgrimage at which the descendants of those adversaries in days gone by may meet in full confidence that no afterthought will mar the sincerity of their mutual trust and regard. We can afford to look back with equal pride — having witnessed, alas, the dire effects of a brutal and underhand aggression — at that distant episod of knightly warfare, the weapons of courtesy, the fair combat, reminding us of those chivalrous contests after which, honor being satisfied, the opponents were ready to shake each other by the hand. A few years ago, or to speak more exactly on July 6th 1909, on the occasion of a ceremony held to commemorate Champlain's tercentenary and the one hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the battle of Fort Carillon, a great Englishman, Lord Bryce, the illustrious historian of *The Germanic Empire* and of *The American Comonwealth*, a foremost representative of that studious yet practical élite whose rare abilities are turned with equal success to the narration of past events and to the management of present affairs, called up all these memories in the presence of the President of the United States, the French Ambassador and a chosen company of transatlantic men of letters. He stated, in his address, that on the eve of the Battle of Abraham the young chieftain recited to his officers Thomas Gray's famous *Elegy written in a country church-yard*, then in the first blush of popularity. Thinking perhaps of his affianced bride, Miss Lowther, whom he had left in the country of his birth, he laid special stress on the pathetic line :

The paths of glory lead to the grave.

The next day he fell wounded to death, thus borne away to Walhalla, a few hours before Montcalm, his competitor in the paths of glory.

Louis Joseph de Montcalm de Saint-Viran is far and away the

most popular Frenchman known to Canada, to Canadians in the United States and to all the friends or Canadians. The nobility of old France, that gave birth to so many brave and charming gentlemen, affords no more pleasing or admirable tale than the adventurous epic of this officer of bygone days, to whom the task befell to defend the French possessions in North America with a mere handful of men, and who became the trusty squire of that France-beyond-the-seas, her all too unheeded advocate and sponsor with the contomporaries of Voltaire, Choiseul and Mme de Pompadour.

I was privileged to see his portrait at Fort-Carillon, Ticonderoga, among the collections in the galleries so ingeniously laid out by M. Stephen H. P. Pell, the present owner of that historical monument. I seem to see him still, with his large clear eyes, his finely chiseled nose, his shrewd lips, the genial expression of his whole face, close-shaven as the fashion was at that time, and breathing the spirit, the courage, the calm and dauntless resolution of a nobleman determined to conquer by sheer valor, or to meet his death gracefully. The commander in chief of the French force is carefully powdered, as though about to attend a levee of the monarch who, far away, in that selfsame palace of Versailles in which the colonization of Canada was organized by Louis XIV and Colbert, lived forgetful of the most devoted servants of the French monarchy... His muslin cravat, his lace ruffles are tastefully adjusted, as if he were fighting just for the entertainment of Court and town, rather than among old stones riddled with bullets, with wild untrodden mountains as a background, and in the midst of savage tribes, whose guileless admiration but partially made up for the undeserved neglect meted out to the last defenders of New France... Not but what this small band of heroes enjoyed a measure of fleeting popularity. M. de Bougainville, a staunch friend of Montcalm's, wrote to him from Blaye, March 18th 1758 : « I should have to give you every name in the country, were I to attempt to enumerate all those of us who love you and wish to see you a Marshal of France. Even the little ones know your name, and the *Te Deum* sung in praise of the Carillon affair should be a source of pleasure to you and to your troops. For the King speaks in his letter of « My brave soldiers in Canada ». Alas, the King's good impulse was of short duration.

Let us take comfort in the fact that by virtue of the tradition left by the noble hero who is still known to Canadians as « the Marquis », the distance from Quebec to Havre is not great, especially when we come to consider the racial affinities drawing together the minds and hearts of the respective dwellers on the banks of the Saint-Lawrence and the Seine. A Frenchman never feels away from home — far from it — among the men and women of Canada. This fact is at once impressed upon M. de Montcalm, Field Marshal in the King's armies, when after taking leave of his ancestral hall at Candiac, near Nîmes, of his wife, his mother, his two sons and his four daughters, and landing after a thirty-eight days' voyage by sea at Petite-Ferme,

on the Beaupré coast, he jotted down in his note-book, January 5th 1757, on leaving a ball where intendant Bigot had invited all the fairest women of Quebec society, the following observation, showing how so approved a judge of elegancy, courteous manners and polite conversation was struck by the unexpected and delightful charm of Canada : « Quebec appeared to me quite a fashionable place nor do I consider there are more than a dozen cities in the whole of France that can be set above Quebec. » And beside these select circles, whom the latest novelties from Paris reached after an interval not exceeding two or three months — a very short space of time for such « immortal » writings as the most illustrious Academicians of the age, Marivaux, Marmontel, Abbé d'Olivet, and that wit Président Hénault, were careful to entrust to the swiftest mail-ships of the Royal Navy — the Marquis of Montcalm while visiting the environs of Quebec and Montreal, or tarrying beneath the steeples of the river-side parishes of Saint-Lawrence, Trois-Rivières or Saint-Hyacinthe, and in the fields and villages of the Canadian Beauce, to talk with « our folk beyond the seas », hardy tillers of the earth as their forefathers were toilers of the deep, marveled to meet among the rustic scenery of pigeon-lofts, windmills, barns and slate roofs, that might have been painted by Oudry, or chosen as a setting for one of Sedaine's pastorals, many an unconscious Philosopher, many a home-like scene such as appealed to our worthy Chardin and bear witness to the virtue of French society in a so-called frivolous century : the *Benedicite*, the *Bonne Éducation*, the *Mère laborieuse*, the *Lessiveuse*, the *Mère faisant réciter l'Évangile à sa fille*... After the meretricious charms of the Court at Versailles, the Marquis was delighted to come into contact with such patriarchal simplicity and kindliness. He loved our Canadian kinsmen. He loved them even to that supreme self-sacrifice, the heroic beauty of which was consecrated by an Englishman, Lord Aylmer, in an inscription carved on the French hero's gravestone in the Ursuline Convent at Quebec.

Ant at the present juncture that great soul of Canada's, that seemed so remote, has been drawn closer to us by virtue of that universal attraction whereby have suddenly been knitted together the hearts of all our brothers and friends. Well may they feel at home in Normandy, those Canadian soldiers who have pitched their tents among us, and some of whom are descended from the adventurous spirits that set out from the harbors along the coast of Normandy under the leadership of Champlain and his successors, Pontgravé, Claude Godet, de Monts, François Porée, Nicolas Le Roy, bold mariners all, whose charters are written in the scriveners' books of the royal seat at Honfleur.

Old Songs of New France. The soldiers of Canada speak French with an accent racy of our soil. The songs whereby they were lulled to sleep as children, and which still cheer their vigils by the camp fires, originated in our country. Now they bring them back to us again, as for instance that sweet ballad of the *Claire Fontaine*, practically forgotten here, exiled from our memories by the unmeaning ditties of light opera and the music-hall, but piously peserved yonder as an ancestral heirloom, a flower from home, or a family jewel. These precious testimonies to the antiquity of the race have been collected in an anthology bearing the title *Chansons populaires du Canada*, published at Montreal by M. Ernest Gagnon, a member of the Quebec Academy of Music.

Old songs from the old country, simple melodies crooned by the grand-dames of yore, as they rocked the cradles of the little ones of France to the accustomed rhythm, voices from the past, voices from beyond the grave, wafted to us from the churchyards in which our dead lie buried ! What scrolls of honor can compare with these unimpeachable and precious title-deeds bearing witness to the uninterrupted continuance of the race and to the retentiveness of a memory that knows not how to forget? Round the symbolical maple leaf, on the badge of Canada's regiments, is inscribed the motto of the town of Quebec : « *Je me souviens* ». In that part of the world they always remember. The blithe, daring spirit of old France stile sings in Canada. It sings by the distaff, on winter nights, before the hearth fire kept brightly burning, under the high mantel where the family assemble after a hard day's toil, to share their recollections and their hopes, their dreams and their visions ; the smile of age and the gay laughter of youth, the loves that help man to live and the sorrows that prepare him for the grave ; the bereavements that cost him bitter tears, while affording him the comforting belief in blessed immortality ; all that contributes to shield human existence against the frowns of nature and the buffets of fortune. It sings in the ploughed field, while committing the good seed to the good land, which will duly yield him his daily bread. It sings the *Bois du Rossignol* when the winter snows have melted away and the balmier breezes heralding the advent of spring have broken up the ice-floes in the great northner lakes « and a young man's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of love ». It sings in Poitou, as of yore, the artless lay of village nuptials :

Buvons à la santé
Des jeunes mariés.

It sings, moreover, to a cadence like unto the soft pitching and rolling of a sailing-boat bending to the wave, an old Breton tune :

C'était une frégate...

or again :

A Saint-Malo, beau port de mer.

and *Prisons de Nantes*, and that favourite lilt of the Aunis and Saintonge sailors :

En revenant de la jolie Rochelle,
J'ai rencontré trois belles demoiselles,
La voilà, ma mie, que mon cœur aime tant.

Such are the cool deep springs that sustain the energy inspiring the Canadian effort. Before they became tillers of the land, our folk in Canada were toilers of the sea. They remember the white sails, gaily spread out to catch the breeze. Well do they know the adverse currents that can only be overcome by rowing with might and main :

Fringue, fringue sur la rivière,
Fringue, fringue sur l'aviron.

In these alternations of short-lived joys and troubles often protracted inordinately by stress of weather, did the first explorers of the Saint-Lawrence acquire that indomitable patience which overcomes every difficulty, that sturdy optimism that steels the heart to long waiting and that steadfastness that fits for the most arduous enterprises the common soul of all those who remained yonder on the vast territory of New France, survivors of Cartier's and Champlain's crews or of the battalions led by Montcalm and Lévis. This was apparently what they meant to say when they summed up their recollections in lines as resonont as a national anthem :

Jadis la France sur nos bords
Jeta sa semence immortelle...
O Canadiens, rallions-nous !
Et près du vieux drapeau, symbole d'espérance,
Ensemble crions à genoux :
Vive la France !

Before the National Monument.

Before the National Monument at Montreal, in the early months of the war, a stirring ceremony, which it behoves me to describe in full detail, was for French and English Canadians alik ea solemn opportunity of making their voice heard in the name of outraged humanity, of violated law, of trampled freedom, and of the sacred treaties torn up by the criminal hands of the Kaiser and his Chancellor. Itwas on September 24th 1914, shortly after the accursed days when the German army under General von Emmich, after invading the territory of independent Belgium, proposed a foul bargain to the most chivalrous of kings, to the truest of nations, and took revenge for King Albert's noble scorn by scenes of arson and massacre such as have branded for ever in the eyes of the world the names of a Bulow, a Bissing and a Manteuffel. The Belgian nation,

martyrized but indomitable, standing erect amid the smoking ruins and the pools of blood slowly drying under the hot sun of that fearful summer, when the heroism of the victims equalled the savagery of their butchers, the Belgian nation, I say, wished the tale of these horrors to be told to our Canadian brothers and sent their protest across the seas to awaken in distant lands by a healthy moral contagion the holy wrath of all fair-minded, upright and generous men.

When the impending arrival of M. Carton de Wiart, Minister for Jusitce of the Kingdom of Belgium, M. Paul Hymans and M. Emile Vandervelde, Ministers of State, Count Lichtervelde, Secretary of the Belgian Delegation, was announced in Montreal, there took place in every class of Canadian society a unanimous and moving outburst of brotherly feeling, duly recorded by the press of Montreal, Quebec, Ottawa and Toronto.

« Let us all meet the Belgians, to-night ! » wrote one of the leading papers of the province of Quebec, thereby voicing the desire of public opinion. « The delegation symbolizing the protest of all mankind against the German crimes, it added, will arrive at Windsor Station at 10 o'clock. » The character of the demonstration may easily be imagined. There came to welcome the Belgians : representatives of every Association in Montreal ; delegates from the Mac Gill and Laval Universities — the one English, the other French,— the municipal authorities, and the Chamber of Commerce, followed by a huge crowd. Next day, all the inhabitants of Montreal were at their windows and doors, in St James's Street, in St-Lawrence Avenue, in Victoria Square, in the populous district of Sherbrook and in the vicinity of Lafontaine Park, eager to cheer the noble pilgrims of Right and Freedom, on their way to the Town Hall, to receive the brotherly greeting of the magistrates of the Canadian city, founded in 1662 by M. de Maisonneuve, a Champagne nobleman.

But it was on Thursday evening, September 24th, in Monument Hall, that our Belgian allies were to have brought home to them most forcibly all the warm sympathy, beneficent kindness and unswerving loyalty to be found in the hearts of our Canadian brothers.

At this never-to-be-forgotten meeting of kindred souls, the Municipal Corporation of Montreal was represented by the Mayor, Mr. Médéric Martin, and his aldermen, Messrs Lapointe, T. Dubeau, Loranger, Giroux, Turcot, Mesnard, Mayrand, L.-T. Maréchal, Lamothe, Lavallée, etc. Beside the magistrates of the Canadian metropolis were seated on the platform: Senators Raoul Dandurand andMarcelin Wilson, Colonel Foges, Major Leduc, Captain Archambault, the Honorable Judges Charbonneau and Guérin, the Reverend Father Daly of Saint Ann's, Canon Dupuis, Abbots Mac Shane and Elliot, of St. Patrick's, Doctor Hector Desloges, Commissioners Hébert and Ainsy, M. Bonin, French Consul-General and his Chancellor, M. Raynaud, M. Obalski, President of the French Chamber of Commerce, etc.

On behalf of the Canadian Government, the HonorableMr. Hazen, Minister of Marine, specially deputed by the Prime Minister, Sir Robert Laird Borden, delivered a short and impressive speech :

« From the Pacific Ocean to the Atlantic, he exclaimed, there is not a Canadian, whatever his origin, but feels the greatest admiration for your country and for yourselves. You are the soldiers of Right and Honor. You stayed the tide of the German hordes beating against your borders. You are entitled to the gratitude of the whole world... We are sending a first Army Corps to your country, we shall be sending another soon. It is an honor for us to be able to say that they will presently be fighting shoulder to shoulder with the heroic Belgian troops. It is our hope and trust that they will approve themselves worthy of their comrades-in-arms. There will be leaving for France a French-Canadian Corps in whom we repose entire confidence. Reading the history of the French-Canadians, one can but believe that they will be worthy of their great ancestors. They saved the flag at Chateaugay and will know how to defend it on the battlefields of France.. The time has come for us to rise in arms Let us rise, then, and may the enemy learn to his cost that we are brave and that we know how to conquer. »

It was meet that after these official declarations, after the addresses of M. Adélard Fortier, President of the Chamber of Commerce, and Mr. W. D. Campbell, President of the Board of Trade, a voice should make itself heard to define the purport of the ceremony and point out the historical significance of this meeting, at which there met the hands and hearts of civilised Europe and of the European élite which made of America, cultivated and enfranchized, a land of peaceful labor and freedom.

Justly priding herself already on the eloquence of a Wilfrid Laurier, a Rodolphe Lemieux, an Adélard Turgeon, a Lomer Gouin, and on writers with whom we Frenchmen are all too-little acquainted, such as the historian Garneau, the poets Louis Frichette, William Chapman, Octave Crémazie, the last of whom we fêted at Havre in more peaceful times, November 3rd 1912. Canada has just found a new expounder of her claring, yet pensive soul in the person of M. Edouard Monpetit, professor and orator, secretary of the Comité France-Amérique and of the Aide à la France.

« Gentlemen, said the French-Canadian spokesman to our Belgian friends, in peace time you set an example of marvelous activity. But even while your spirit of initiative and your ideas were radiating through the world, you were not oblivious of your historical traditions, but jealously kept watch over your independence. Those who could only try to discover in books the secret of the Belgian spirit are now realizing its sublime beauty.

No sooner had Germany, in contempt of her written word, set foot upon your marches, than a quiver ran through the country. From the land of Maeterlinck, who sang the song of the bee and revealed to the world in that imperishable work the innate qualities of your race : from the land of Bruges, where the battlementedroofs, for all their air of sleepy indolence, are the abode of the active lace-maker of the North ; from the land of steeples and belfreys, where the daring valour of the great burgesses is transmitted from generation to

generation ; from Ghent, the city of flowers and queen of the Flemish country; from Liège, with its French heart, from the black districts of Mons and Charleroi ; from every part of Belgium — little Belgium, as we say, the better to bring out the greatness of her destiny and the depth of our sympathy — an army sprang up, brave, daring and undaunted, and cast in the invader's teeth the noblest words I know of, when opposed to ruthless might : *Non serviam*, I will not serve !

« Promises and threats were of no avail : nothing was able to conquer your admirable pride. Under the leadership of the Soldier-King, the nation determined to fight on to the end, with the help of the two great countries to which we are bound by all the ties in our history... »

In the course of his address, the Canadian orator spoke of the sorrows of Belgium with such forceful emotion that his words have remained engraven in the memories of all those who heard and applauded them :

« Ah ! he exclaimed in accents we still seem to hear and that found an echo in our hearts, there are beings before whom we are filled with tender pity : an old man in pain, a smiling child, a woman in tears. They are the weak, who cannot do wrong and can only love. There are things before which man uncovers respectfully : the cathedrals, the august prayer of succeeding ages ; the silent librairies, that should be immortal. There are things that are the very life of a people and which the lengthening chain of days has crowned with the halo of civilization. There are beings and things it is a profanation to touch. Upon these, nevertheless, a ruthless hand has been laid. We were, suddenly confronted with the hateful vision of barbarity. We cannot restore to you your mothers, your wives and children : but we will do all that in us lies to bring about the punishment of these crimes and to soften in some small measure your incommensurable affliction. »

As a conclusion, exalting his hearers to thoughts of restored freedom, attended by due requital for sorrows endured and comfort for great tribulations, the French-Canadian orator sketched out the entrancing picture of the great day marked by the dawn of victory :

« Later on, he said, when the issue has been decided on the stricken field, when all is over and Justice has prevailed, when the troops return to Paris, ever ready to consecrate deeds of heroism, let us hope to see in the van of the Russians, heavily laden with victory, of the French infantry, alert and merry, of the English troops, impassive and steadfast, the glorious Belgian soldiers, bathed in the light of a new Europe, march proudly by, to the trumpet-like strains of the *Brabançonne* ».

Thus is French spoken by the Canadians, nor are their deeds less commendable than their words. With them as with us, the compelling power that underlies the close association of noble words with noble deeds has been learned by experience.

From Quebec - to Ypres - At Valcartier camp, under the powerful impulsion of Major-General Sam Hughes, Canadian Minister for War, the training of recruits proceeded apace. The Canadian contingent was inspected by H. R. H. the Duke of Connaught, Governor-General of the Dominion of Canada. Specially noticeable for its fine bearing during the march past was a regiment of light infantry, raised and equipped at the expense of a wealthy Canadian, Mr. Hamilton Gault, of Montreal, who contributed 300.000 dollars to that end. This picked regiment bore the name of Princess Patricia of Connaught's Rangers. The men admitted to serve in its ranks were chosen with the utmost care by their leader, Colonel Farquhar. Toronto Grenadiers, Winnipeg Rifles, Dragoons, Hussars, Artillery, all in khaki and ready to take the field, worked with such a will that seven weeks after the declaration of war,—to be precise, on September 24th 1914,—a flotilla of troopships was able to leave the port of Quebec, having on board a first contingent of 33.000 picked men, well armed and admirably drilled. And this was but by way of a start. Nothing had been neglected. The Sanitary Service had seen to it that each man should be rendered immune from typhoid fever by preventive inoculation. The higher command had instituted trench drill, to accustom the Canadian Volunteers to the new kind of warfare that awaited them. In the midst of indescribable enthusiasm the ships conveying these brave troops to their bourne of peril and honor weighed anchor in the harbour of Champlain's ancient city. The sun streamed down upon the monument dedicated to the fraternal glory of Wolfe and Montcalm. No doubt those two heroes, reconciled in death, were thrilled in their graves when the deep booming of the Citadel's guns, the alternate strains of the National Anthem and the *Marseillaise* were echoed by a double shout, proclaiming a new era in the history of mankind.

And I fancy more than one scholar of the good French town on the Saint-Lawrence, while wishing from the top of the ramparts Godspeed and a safe return to those engaged in the great adventure, remembered the beautiful lines in which Louis Fréchette, the French poet of Canada, has celebrated the momentous union of France and England :

Et maintenant, cinglant vers la rive nouvelle,
Voyez bondir là-bas la blanche caravelle.
Toujours le pavillon de France à son grand mât !

. . . . . .

Du haut de la vigie un mousse a crié : Terre !
Et sous les étendards de France et d'Angleterre,
Fiers d'un double blason que rien ne peut ternir,
Nos marins jettent l'ancre au port de l'avenir.

Poets are frequently prophets as well. This embarkation of Canadian troops, that made a reality of a seer's vision, took place on the very day when M. Hazen, Canadian Minister of Marine, promised the Belgian Delegation that a Canadian Force sholud be sent to the French front, to aid in the defense of Right and Freedom. Now for a Canadian, a promise and its fulfilment are one.

Canada on the Field of Honor. On the field of honor, in Belgium, in French Flanders, in Artois, in Picardy, the Canadian troops have more than fulfilled their promise. The fight at Langemarck, the battles round Ypres have shown, from their first coming into contact with the enemy how worthily they sustained their baptism of fre. They have inscribed a new epic in the annals of Canada. And it was with heart-felt emotion, that M. Bouin, French Consul-General in Montreal, at the Founders' meeting of the *Fonds Patriotique Canadien* on May 20th 1915, paid tribute to their bravery, while calling up the memory of the all too numerous band of heroes sleeping their last sleep under the wooden crosses, in land consecrated by the blood of martyrs, among the ruins of Saint-Julien, Givenchy, Festubert, Hooge and Saint-Eloi. The time has not come to record the names of our beloved dead, even if the space at my disposal allowed me to do so. At least, let those who grieve for them oversea understand that our grateful thoughts are at one with theirs in doing homage to the imperishable memory of the Canadians who have fallen in the field of honor. Together we repeat, as we think of them, the sweet and mournful elegy of our great poet Victor Hugo, in honor of those who have laid down their lives for their country :

Ceux qui pieusement sont morts pour la Patrie
Ont droit qu'à leur cercueil la foule vienne et prie,
Entre les plus beaux noms leur nom est le plus beau.
. . . . . .

With one accord Canada, their mother-country, resolved that on April 23rd last, the anniversary of a never-to-be-forgotten fight, all public monuments in every part of Canada, from the Atlantic to the Pacific, should be decked in the national colors in commemoration of the brave devotion shown by Canadian divisions on the battlefield. By that date, Canada had sent over more than 300.000 fighting men and expended more than 36 millions sterling. And every Canadian, with varying but unanimous eloquence, is heard to proclaim, whether in English or in French, a firm determination to persevere uninterruptedly in the work to be done, keeping on as that well-known and henceforth historical saying puts it : « *Jusqu'au bout* ! (to the bitter end). »

H. R. H. the Duke of Connaught, when opening the Canadian Parliament at its last sitting early this year, uttered the following significant words : « The noble courage, the splendid heroism, the unshakable determination, which have marked the united efforts of all the provinces in the British Dominion during the unprecedently strenuous year that has just elapsed, justify our supreme trust and confidence in the ultimate truimph of our cause and in the perpetual assertion of the principles of Liberty and Justice for all. »

Sir Wifred Laurier, placing his noble talent at the service of the « Union Sacrée », declared at the very beginning of the struggle : « Our sole aim should be to destroy a tyranny that tramples upon freedom, and to bring about the lasting triumph of Civilization and Justice. Only when we have fulfilled our duty as a nation, shall we have fulfilled our obligation to mankind. » True to his word, Sir Wifred Laurier, in the Ottawa House of Commins, on January 16th of the present year, extended the support of the Opposition to the Government bill brought in for the purpose of increasing the Canadian oversea forces by half a million of men. And at a further sitting, only a few months ago, the illustrious statesman who so worthily represents the loyalty of the French-Canadian race in the Parliament at Ottawa, pointed his meaning in the words : « The attitude maintained by my party is based upon the fact that England having decided to take part in the war in the interests of Europe and of mankind, it is Canada's duty to hurl herself into the conflict with her full might, for if Germany were to gain the victory it would be the end of all that is held most sacred by everybody. »

At the same time, Monsignor Bruchesi, the eminent Archbishop of Montreal, took advantage of a function at Laval University to give a lead to all his clergy by this graphic and conclusive remark : « My dear French-Canadian countrymen, I do not want to become a German subject. »

The Honorable M. Casgrain, Postmarter-General of Canada, summed up the Government's view by saying : « we must have but one preoccupation : to give our two mother-countries all the assistance they may need. »

In Paris, one of the members of the Canadian Delegation, Sir George Foster, Canadian Minister of Trade, doing homage to the valor of the defenders of Verdun, observed : « It was with joyful alacrity that Canada, at the very outbreak of the war, made ready to assist both the metropolis and the ancestral country of many of her sons. Three hundred and forty thousand Canadians have enlisted already (140.000 of these are now at the front). And the recruiting will continue until the total sf 500.000 is reached. These men are all volunteers and have given proof of their valor. They are fighting beisde their French brothers for future peace and freedom, nor will they quit their task before it is finished. »

At the reception of the delegates of the British Colonies and Dominions at the Elysée Palace, July 18th 1916, a Canadian Senator, des-

cended from a French family of Perche, M.N.A. Belcourt addressed the President of the Republic as the spokesman of the Delegation.

« On the fateful day, he said, when the brutal German hordes set foot on the territory of martyred Belgium, all the British Colonies were stirred by the same indignation and shared the same determination.

« Britain and the Colonies owed it to themselves, to Belgium, to France and to the civilized world, to take as large a part as possible in the universal upheaval against the systematic and long-prepared brigandage of Germany.

« If it should prove necessary to double, to treble our contributions and our sacrifices, it shall be done, to the utmost limit of our resources. We are prepared to meet allt he requirements of the case. »

And speaking more particularly to M. Raymond Poincaré, he added :

« I desire, in my own name, as one in whose veins flows an old French blood, to give more forcible expression still to the feelings we experience out yonder and to declare to you, Monsieur le Président de la République, that on bended knee do I offer my veneration to immortal France, whose cause has ever been the cause of humanity, of civilization and progress. »

Major-General Sam Hughes, Canadian Minister of Defense, after a visit to the front, voiced his impressions in terms that show how clear-sighted is his perspicacity, as will be seen from the faithful account of the very words he used.

« The Germans, said the Canadian Major-General, are on the road to defeat. The Russians are much stronger to-day than at the beginning of the war, for at each fresh offensive, their enemies incur huge losses. As for the French, far from being exhausted, as the German papers would have us believe, they have never been stronger or in better fettle than they are at present. »

And our guest said to his French friends : « If you are short of munitions, we can place at your disposal all the factories in Canada. »

Guns ! Munitions ! Not in France alone has this reminder of the industrial necessities of modern warfare recrived a hearing. No sooner back in his own country, Major-General Sam Hughes busied himself with the organization under the direct control of his department, of the making of munitions on an intensified scale. Deputies of the British Government had alrady recruited labor, and it has been computed that by June 12th 1915, in the city of Toronto, many thousands of these special enrolments had been made. It was the minister's desire that the working classes of Canada should likewise adapt themselves to the industries of war in their own country. At the present time, some four hundred Canadian factories are working at the production of shells. They give employment to more than one hundred thousand workmen.

The Women of Canada. Now that we have seen what strength of character, energy, valor and daring — essentially male virtues — have accomplished in Canada to back up the effort of France and of her Allies, it remains for me to point out what delicacy of feeling, kindness, devotion and tender love — virtues pertaining rather to women — have achieved out yonder for the care of the sick and wounded, the assistance to be given to the wives and children ; to comfort and house the widows and the orphans ; to feed, to clothe, to save from want and from death the fleeing population ; in short, to relieve all the distress that is part and parcel of the war of extermination waged against mankind by a new Attila, even more cruel and more deliberately savage than his ruthless prototype.

To deal with this part of my subject, it will be sufficient for me to show you what the Pavillon de Flore, in the Tuileries Gardens, was like last year, when that graceful building, the very name of which seemed to predestine it to fairy revels, was obligingly lent by the Administration des Beaux-Arts to the Comité France-Amérique and to the Secours National, for the purpose of storing the multitudinous parcels sent for distribution among the soldiers of the Allied armies and the inhabitants of the invaded regions, by our brothers, and above all by our sisters of Canada.

In the very entrance-hall, at the foot of the broad staircase with its wrought-iron railings, were to be seen huge piles of boxes laid one on top of the other, like the temporary courses of an infinished building. The piles of boxes reached up to the ceiling, and it was all you could do to squeeze your way through the narrow intervening spaces, for all in the world like a communication trench between the front-line and the line of support. On closer inspection, you might read the superscriptions relative to the origin and destination of these countless cases. What thrilling surprise was awakened by the mention of fardistant towns bearing familiar French names : Ville-Marie, Argenteuil, Bellechasse, Montmagny, Clairvaux, Saint-Jean-Port-Joli, Notre-Dame-des-Anges, all mixed up with brand-new American townships, the ont landish designations of which were evidently borrowed from the somewhat raucous vocabulary of Iroquois scalp-hunters, of Algonquin pathfinders, of Huron or Micmac canoe-paddlers: Chioutimi, Temiscouata, Calgary, Toronto, Ottawa, Chamehawine, Winnipeg...

From the cultivated banks of the Saint-Lawrence, from the fisheries and fir-plantations of Ontario, from the agricultural and pastoral lowlands of Manitoba, from the stock-farms and ploughed fields of Saskatchewan, nay, from the very ranches of Alberta and the dairy farms of British Columbia, from the rock-bound inlets of Hudson's Bay and the picturesque districts of the lakes, reflecting the tall trees of the Canadian forests, there came to us and are still coming, day in, day out, tokens of faithful friendship and ingenious devotion.

The province of Quebec, by reason of its French connection, has especially loaded us with presents, so much so that the Pavillon de Flore proved too small to hold them and that the Central Commission of Canadian Aid has found it impossible to thank all the senders individually.

In anticipation of the time when with the friendliest feelings we shall be able to clasp all these open hands extended towards us, let us address our collective thanks to those foundations that have brought together so many willing hearts, that have cured so many evils and relieved so much distress.

The Canadian Section of the Comité Franco-Amérique opened a National subscription which produced over 18.000 pounds sterling. Nor is this all. The Canadian Section were able to present to General Headquarters of the French forces twenty-four motor-cars, handed over to the military authorities by the Honorable M. Philippe Roy. Finally, in their appeal, the Committee took the thoughtful step of calling upon the people at large to show what every Canadian mother could do for some French mother. This appeal it was that led to the foundation of the Aide à la France under the presidence and control of Mmes Raoul Dandurand, Rosaire Thibaudeau, Cyrille Delage, Francq, Huguenin... I must beg to be excused for not being able to record the names of all those noble women who said to their Canadian sisters : « War has been let loose upon France. Hearths and homes have been deserted... Women and children are left without support. Will you, Canadian mothers, leave them to bear the brunt of such wide-spread affliction? Lift up your hearts, and give of your best for France... In the face of wanton aggression, France is defending her territory and fighting for the freedom of the world. »

With motherly feeling, at the thought of whole families left without shelter, of little ones who would suffer from the cold during the bitter winters of the great war, the women of Canada opened the heavy walnut doors of the old wardrobes in which had been stowed away for so many years the family heirlooms and relics ; blankets, fine clothes of a by-gone age, garments of every description were carefully packed in wooden cases. Why should all these be kept any longer, now that so many unfortunate refugees were left destitute? Besides, would not these precious goods be rememered all the more affectionately if, after reminding the family of the dear departed, they were now sent to gladden in some small measure the hearts of distant friends? The most precious relics were thus packed tenderly with accompanying letters. I know of a Canadian family who had kept to the last the baby-linen, the playthings, all the belongings of a dearly beloved son, all that recalled the smile of the darling they had lost... In his name, as by a heaven-born inspiration, all these sere sent to a mother in France. And the letter to the unknown recipient stated : « May this tribute from the grave bring a comfort to the living. »

An admirable saying, which seems to epitomize the whole history

of Canada. It is as though that far-off land had also heard the stirring trumpet-call that rung proudly above the universal crash of the great war and has thrilled all those who have read of it : « *Debout les morts* ! Up with you, the dead !) »

Up with you, the early laborers of Canada and the humble Château-Rocher and Pointe-aux-Trembles, where the French language has ever been preserved intact by the Canadian fire-side ! Up with you, pathfinders and frontiersmen ! Up with you, the martyrs who braved the stake of torture among the Hurons and Mohicans ! Up with you, the reconciled opponents of Fort Carillon and the Plains of Abraham ! Verily, the souls of several generations of Frenchmen who had died at the plough, out yonder, with no hope of being able some day to toil and fight again for the « old country » has miraculously arisen from the grave. So it was true ! The offspring of the old soldiers of the regiments of Royal-Roussillon, of Carignan, of Sarre, recognizable by their fighting names, were again to serve in France. Those names of happy omen, which we take such pleasure in finding in that oversea land, are at one and the same time titles of nobility, certificates of origin, rallying-words and epitomes of life. Those names, every historian in Canada has lovingly recorded in his writings, that we may enjoy their zest and take in their significance. Like so many volunteers of our old armies, the founders of a brave line, there are still to be found among the Canadian troops men called l'Espérance, Laflamme, La Fleur, La Jeunesse, Vadeboncœur.

And willing hearts and hands, in wealthy mansions and in humble cottages, plied the knitting-needles after the fashion of our grandmothers; they made thousands and thousands of warm garments of good wool, soft and yielding ; they wrote those letters, the mots touching of which are perhaps those accompanying some lowly offstring, the humble gift of a child, the outpouring of simple hearts moved, in the present world-tragedy, to come to the assistance of the champions of public right and freedom, to bear their small share of the great trial wherefrom old France restored shall soon arise triumphant, and more beautiful than ever.

« A little Canadian boy sends a few skeins of wool to knit stockings for a little French boy whose daddy has perhaps died on the field of honor. » A Scottish woman writes : « To a French mother, a modest offering... » A French-Canadian mother, whose seven cildren each contributed something, makes apology on behalf of her fifth daughter: « Aged twenty, Sister St.-Timotheus, a humble nun, can only offer her prayers. » And these lines from a widow : « This is sent by my daughter, aged eleven. The idea is her own of sending these few clothes to a little fatherless child such as she is herself. »

Worthy people, all, how we should love to know them ! Worthy people of the *Aide au Drapeau*, specially concerned with the welfare of our soldiers, to whom they send parcels of clothing, which have been handed to them even in the trenches. Worthy people of the *Fonds Patriotique Canadien* and of the *Comité Franco-Belge*, of Mon-

treal. Worthy people of the *Alliance Française*, presided by M. Désaubiers. Worthy people of the *Canadian Hospital*, founded in Paris, Rue de la Chaise, by M. Berthiaume, Editor of the Montreal Press, and supported by the Canadian City Corporations. Worthy people of the *Saint-Cloud Hospital* and of the *Canadian Red Cross*...

There is no Canadian homestead, hidden away in the depths of the obscurest parish, where the little children are not taught the significance of the present war. There is no heart in Canada that does not beat with generous anguish and patriotic pride at the accounts by which are propagated from town to town, from village to village, and as it were from parish to parish, the varying fortunes of a necessarily long and arduous war, and the perennial virtues of a nation that has acclimatized the seed of her traditions and implanted her legitimate offspring in the far-distant-lands of the New World.

Nor can we ever do too much to bring to public notice the countless gifts showered by our Canadian brothers upon our troops, whether still fighting or wounded, upon our refugees, upon all those who suffer in the cause of country and freedom.

Quebec's Motto. The voices that come to us from out yonder, so far away yet so near, are the voices of the mothers, the sisters, the wives and affianced brides of the brave Canadian soldiers who are fighting shoulder to shoulder with their long-lost French brothers. Many, alas, are the black-edged envelopes received here from Canada. These nobly-borne bereavements, these sacrifices proudly accepted for the sake of a hallowed cause, have but increased a generosity that knows no bounds.

Nor does such generosity seek any other reward than that resulting from a precious spititual communion. Every token of sympathy thrills the hearts of our friends beyond the sea. Wherefore shall I conclude by the three words that express the sum total of Canada's Effort and are called up unavoidably by the very subject of my address. You all know the motto of the City of Quebec : « *Je me souviens* », I remember. »

INDEX

Two Flags. One Heart 5

The French-Founder of Canada 6

Wolfe and Montcalm 11

Old Songs of New France 15

Before the National Monument 16

From Quebec to Ypres 20

Canada on the Field of Honor 21

The Women of Canada 24

Quebec's Motto 27

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4	5	6

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